

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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E. J. C. WALKER,
No. 707 Walnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1874.

Three Dollars a Year.
In Advance.

No. 8.

AUTUMNAL TIME.

BY C. L. S.

The year grows splendid. On the mountain steep
Never longer the warm and glorious light,
Dying, by slow degrees, into the deep
Delicious night.

The final triumph of the perfect year,
Rises the woods' magnificent array:
Beyond, the purple mountain heights appear,
And slope away.

The sun, with musical, slow motion, leaves
His long, little branches in the tender air;
While from his top the gay Sordello waves
Her scarlet hair.

Where Spring first hid her violets, 'neath the fern,
Where Summer's fingers open'd, fold after fold,
The odorous, wild, red rose's heart—now burn
The leaves of gold.

The loftiest hill, the lowliest flowering herb,
The fairest fruit of season and of clime,
All wear alike the mood of the superb
Autumnal time.

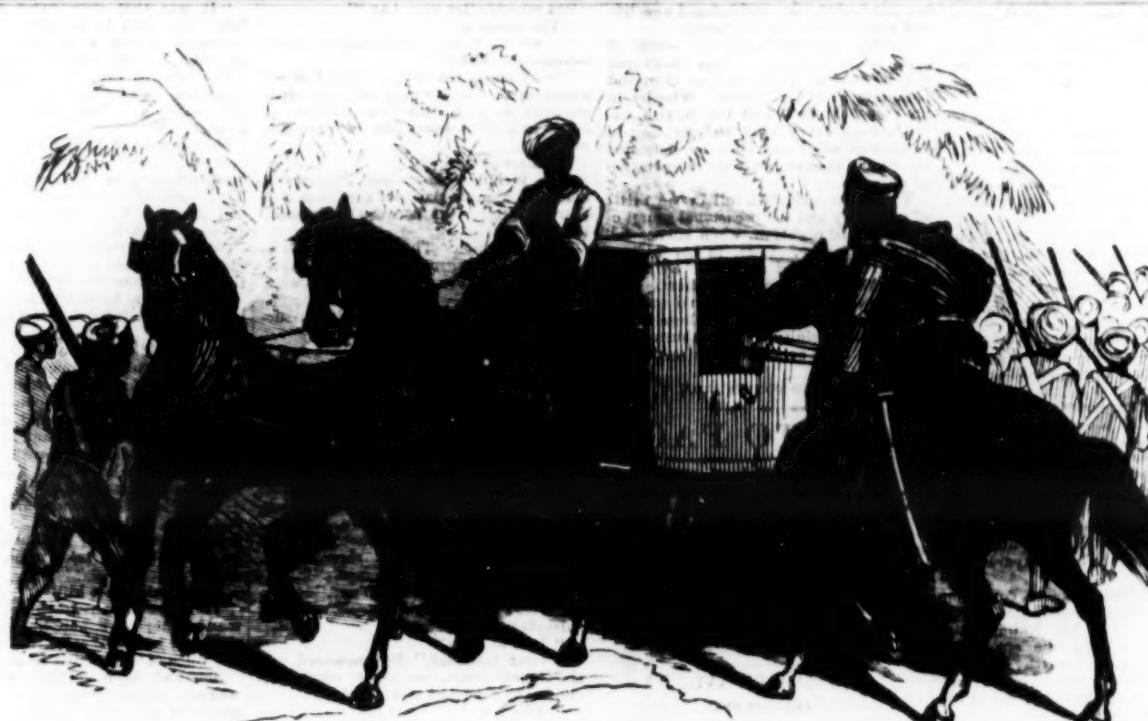
Now nature pours her last and noblest wine;
Like some Bacchus beside the singing streams
Reclines the enchanted Day, wrapt in Divine,
Impassioned dreams.

But where the painted leaves are falling fast,
Among the hills, beyond the farthest hill,
There sits a shadow dim, and sad, and vast,
And lingers still.

And still we hear a voice among the hills,
A voice that mourns among the haunted woods,
And the deep mystery of its sorrow fills
The solitude.

For white gay Autumn yields the fruit and leaf,
And doth her fairest floral garment wear,
Lo! Time, all noiseless, in his mighty sheaf,
Blows up the year.

The mighty sheaf which never is unbound:
The roses which are beseach in vain,
The loved lost years that never may be found
Or loved again.



While the main body of the Sepoys were struggling past, Agwak saw the officer lean forward and downward and look into the carriage.

DOWLAH, THE SNAKE-CHARMER!

OR,

THE MAID OF CAUNPOOR!

A Mystery of India, beyond the Ganges.

BY ORPHEUS R. CHARNOCK.

[This serial was commenced in No. 6, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER VIII.

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call. —Scud.

Agwak did not spare the horses although the day was a warm one, and they needed rest. Acting upon his advice, Cora had shut down the slides at the side of the carriage, and had leaned as far back as possible upon the back seat, so as to avoid the staring gaze of those whom they met every few minutes. By and by, however, the stifling heat in the small space became unbearable, and she ventured to raise the slide upon her right, in the hope of securing some relief. Little was afforded, for the dust streamed in and almost choked her, while the dead heat was relieved by the slight breeze, excepting that which was created by their own forward motion, and it seemed to her as if she would be overcome and faint away. She was about to call the driver, entreating that he would moderate the speed somewhat, when they suddenly came beneath the shade of a grove of palm trees that extended for several hundred yards along the road.

As Agwak reined up his horses at the same time, the relief was almost inexpressible, and running up the other slide, Cora gave a sigh of relief, and thrusting out her head, called out her thanks to her friend. The words had hardly escaped her, when he leaned to one side, and reaching his black, grimy face as far around as possible, called:

"Keep out of sight, speak not a word, show not your face, for Nana Sahib's men are close at hand."

Cora needed not this warning, for during the second when she was given a glimpse of the road in front, she had caught sight of a number of men coming up the road. They were partly hidden by the dust, but she saw enough to know that they were Sepoys, and that several leaders were riding at their head upon horseback. With a gasp of terror she sank down in her seat believing that all was over; but knowing by what a narrow chance one's life is saved at such a crisis, and recalling the hasty warning of the driver, she leaned back as far as she could, and awaited the terrible moment of discovery.

Agwak had remained halted for less than a minute when the leaders were so close, that he raised his head and made a not ungraceful military salute. The haughty Sepoys did not return it, and two of them scarcely more than glanced at the vehicle standing beside the road, which was precisely beside the driver, whished, and what he would like to have seen the third do; but this traitor was younger than the others and disposed to be more inquisitive. Drawing his horse to one side so as not to check the men

by his stoppage, he demanded in the language of Hindooostan:

"Who are you that intercepts the soldiers of Nana Sahib on the highway?"

"I am Agwak, a Sepoy like yourself, and a faithful subject of the Mogul Empire, whose king, Mahomed Suraj-oo-din Shah Ghazee, sits upon the silver throne at Delhi."

This was rather a pretty and patriotic reply, considered from Nana Sahib's standpoint, and the speaker acted as if he were the proper counterweight that entitled him to pass without further questioning; but the young officer deemed otherwise, and with his horse standing in such a position that Cora could plainly see its head and mane, he kept up his running fire of questions.

"Why fare you on the road at this time of day?"

"I am on an errand for my master, Huraj-ai-shed, who weilds his sword for his king among the soldiers before Lucknow."

"Have you any one in the carriage?" asked the horseman, leaning forward and seeking to peer into the vehicle, when the trembling Cora sat, believing that every moment was to be her last.

"I have the daughter of Huraj-ai-shed, who is sick and in sore distress, and with whom I am hastening to her home, where I fear she will soon die."

This was uttered with the coolness and apparent sincerity of the veteran liar, and while the main body of the Sepoys were struggling past, while speaking, Agwak saw the officer lean forward and downward and look into the carriage. One glimpse of the face of the occupant, and the deception would be discovered, with the tigerish thirst for blood, which always characterized these people, they would not only be certain to rend the gentle being to pieces, but they would make mince-meat of the one who had attempted the trick upon her.

In spite, therefore, of the impudent face of Agwak, it may well be suspected that there was a tumult in his heart, as he watched the proceeding of the officer.

Fortunately, at this juncture, Cora was leaning back in the seat, with her darkly-gloved hands covering her face, so that not the slightest glimpse of the hue of her skin could be seen, and the inquirer was none the wiser for his attempted pursuit of knowledge. The girl heard the words, and although unable to comprehend a syllable, she was as certain that they concerned her as if they had been uttered in English, with the curiosity to be excited in one of her sex, she held two of her fingers parted in such a manner that she could reach one hand cautiously beneath his

coat and laid it upon the handle of his revolver.

All at once, the horseman returned the salute which had been made him upon their first meeting, and rode ahead toward the foot soldiers, as if he had dismissed all other thoughts from his mind, and Agwak, inexplicably relieved, started the carriage forward in the opposite direction; but he was not free from alarm and misgiving by any means.

"We shall see more of that man," he said to himself, as he continued steadily to increase the gait, at which the horses were proceeding. "I don't know why it is, but he believes that some trick has been played on him, and he means to find out. I wish I were well rid of him."

It was still early in the day, and the sun shone with undiminished fervor, great caution was needed upon the part of the driver lest he should urge the horses beyond their strength. As for himself, he seemed invulnerable. He never once removed the short close-fitting coat, which would have served him as well among the snowy heights of the Himalayas; nor did the black shining face show a single drop of trickling moisture, as he sat under the full glare of the merciless sun that taxed the endurance of another race, even though protected by shelter, to its utmost.

CHAPTER IX.

"Margotton, where art thou?
Whither art thou?—
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true."

Agwak found little time to bestow attention upon his charge, when he was in constant expectation of danger. He encountered many others upon the road, and not a few showed troublesome curiosity to understand who it was he had in the carriage, or why it was he was making such haste forward; but the wily fellow deceived them all. Sometimes it was by an assumption of bravado, and a pretense that he was bearing some important personage forward, and that who ever delayed him did so at the risk of bringing serious trouble upon himself, and then he fell back upon his original pretext, that it was an invalid daughter of a well-known Sepoy official, who had sent him in haste for her, and thus by using either pretext, he was allowed to continue his journey forward with scarcely any diminution of speed.

Cora was now rapidly nearing Caunpoor, and Agwak, in answer to her inquiries, told her that if unmolested they would reach it by the set of to-morrow's sun. As they advanced, signs of military preparations were to be seen every hour, and any one acquainted with such matters, would have known they were nearing a camp of armed men. Nearly every one whom they encountered carried a musket; many had revolvers shoved in their waists, and once or twice numbers of men could be seen in the open fields drilling and going through different military maneuvers.

Still there seemed to be no surveillance, such as is customary in the neighborhood of armed forces. It may have been that Nana Sahib and his officers did not consider it possible that any serious danger in the rear threatened him.

In the meantime, Agwak glanced stealthily at the Sepoys, the rear of the column was now only a hundred yards distant, and would soon be out of sight altogether, while at the same time, he reached one hand cautiously beneath his

enemies, that he could afford to relax security, where other commanders would have been severely strict and cautious.

Cora Wilson, by this time, was fully alive to the perilous situation in which she was placed, and, as she sat in the carriage cowering back in her seat, she was shudderingly contemplating the end of all this—not as it might be seen in the far future, but as it was visible within the coming twenty-four hours.

How was the night, now so near at hand, to be spent? She could not remain in the carriage, and although she might veil her face as she came forth, yet her dress would reveal her race to whosoever should chance to see it, and she needed not to be told that she was now in a region where no European would be permitted to live an hour, after being known. It was hard for her to decide whether it was safer to go forward than backwards.

She seemed to be approaching what might be termed the focus of danger, and were the distance over which she had come much less, she would have been treated; but as she reflected upon the many long hundreds of miles over which she had come by steamboat, railroad and in her carriage, of the suspicion that had marked her journey for the last three or four days, she knew that this had been deeply owing to her own carelessness and want of foresight.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Not the least in the world."

"What is your idea of a gentleman?"

"Being born only and being born like that."

"A fool, I suppose," replied Wilfred, laughing; "and he wondered, a little whether she meant to imply that by talking to her he was forfeiting some of his claim to the title. If that was what she intended to convey she was assuredly the most independent, impracticable and charming girl he had ever seen."

You see, Wilfred was not accustomed to conduct, and its very rarity made it pleasant.

He walked on silently for a minute, in deep reflection.

Milly fancied she had offended him, and was not so sorry as she might have been under ordinary circumstances. However, his tone showed no annoyance, only eagerness, when he spoke next.

"You are very frank to other people, Miss Lowe; do you allow them to be equally frank with you?"

"Of course, sir; that is only fair."

"Will you answer me one question then?"

"What is it?"

"I warn you I am going to be very impertinent."

"One would fancy, sir, that if you knew that you would stop yourself in time."

Decidedly, Milly was a match for any lord in the land. No duchess could have had more dignity. Perhaps this very consciousness—instead of checking the question on Wilfred's lips, hurried it. It was a shame for such a girl as this to throw herself away.

"Only that you see people can't always check their curiosity," Wilfred said, at last.

"Can't they?" answered Milly, opening her eyes wider than ever; "I thought they could."

"I can't."

"Then I am very sorry for you, sir."

"Your sympathy is so sweet, that I will even accept it on such terms. Only that I may as well warn you I mean to ask my question all the same."

"Then, I think, we may as well get it over, sir," replied Milly, demurely.

"You will think me awfully impertinent."

"So you said before."

"I wanted to ask if it was true that your engagement with young Benson was broken off."

Milly's face changed suddenly. The sweet lips began to quiver and tears came into the blue eyes.

"I don't know what right you have to ask me such a thing," she said, in a stifled voice, "and only from curiosity, too."

Supposing I say that it is not from curiosity at all, but from a true interest I take in your fate, Miss Lowe?"

"Then I should not believe you, sir."

"Why not?"

"How should you take an interest in my fate, who know nothing of me?"

"Nay, I have seen you here ever since you were a mere child."

"But you have never spoken to me before."

"Only because I have not dared."

"How is it you dare now?"

Her glance, still dim with tears, met his bravely—ever reproachfully.

"I thought, being so candid yourself, you would permit me to be the same."

"If you remember, sir, I asked no questions as to your private affairs."

"You might have done. I have no secrets."

"I have."

These two words were spoken with real dignity, and Milly moved on a little faster.

"Then I am not to know?"

"Unless Mr. Benson likes to tell you."

"One could hardly expect him to publish his own misery."

"It is the lady who rejects, not the gentleman."

"In that case, sir, she would be publishing his humiliation, and that would not be generous."

"I see you have always an objection ready," said Lord Oakland, beginning to wish that she had not been such a shrewd antagonist.

"It is our only defense," sighed Milly.

"What defense should you require?"

You have no enemies."

"Even the most base thorns, sir, to protect itself with."

"No one would hurt you, Miss Lowe."

"I can't tell that. But I am none the worse for being on my guard."

"You frighten your friends."

"I have no friends to frighten."

"Nay," he said, "you must allow me to doubt your word."

"You would have to search a long while before you found them," said Milly, sadly. "Old Nanny—and my mother, of course—are the only persons who would care whether I lived or died."

"And Mr. Benson?"

"I did not authorize you to make that addition," replied Milly, sharply.

"But he would, I fancy."

She turned away, flushed and angry, for although Milly was very sweet and good, she had what is called a temper of her own, and on such a sore subject as this was tempted to show it.

"I should think, sir, you could know positively nothing about Mr. Benson's feelings."

"Only judge by appearances."

"You have never seen us together," she said, definitely.

"How do you know that?"

"I never met you as any such time."

"Perhaps not, but one evening last summer, when I was in the wood late, I heard voices, and stopped to listen."

"You might have been better employed, sir."

"I thought not, at the time, I remember. But I was wickedly envious of Mr. Benson's felicity when I went away. To be loved for one's self alone is very rare."

"What else could you be loved for?" inquired Milly, with perfect astonishment.

"For one's rank, or wealth, you know."

"Indeed! But, then, that wouldn't be love, really."

"It is what passes for it in the world, anyhow, Miss Lowe."

"What a strange world it must be, then!" she answered, with great gravity.

"I'm glad I don't live in it."

"Some people would say that you had very bad taste."

"Those would be just the people, sir, I shouldn't want to know, and I am sure they wouldn't want to know me."

"Some of them would; because I do."

"And you like the world?"

"Very much. I shouldn't like to be

out of it. At the same time, I appreciate simplicity, especially when it goes hand in hand with sense and refinement, as it does with you."

She looked at him steadily, with grave, reproachful eyes.

"There is one thing you seem to fancy, sir."

"What is that?"

"Flattery."

"So it seems. But here we are at old Nanny's cottage, sir, and I'll wish you good afternoon."

"I hope not, sir; it is a thing I utterly despise."

"You hit me hard, Miss Lowe. One would never believe, to look at you, that you could be so severe."

"I can't help my looks."

"And I don't expect you would if you could."

At this minute, Nanny, hearing voices, came to the door.

"La, Miss Milly, if it isn't you, I declare; and—"

Here she dropped a low curtsey.

"And Lord Oakland, Nanny; may he come in?" inquired Wilfred, pleasanly. "Miss Milly says she is sure you don't want to see me; but I tried to persuade myself the contrary."

"Walk in, my lord; Miss Milly made a mistake there. Nothing pleases me more than to see your lordship in my poor house."

"There!" exclaimed Wilfred to Milly in triumph. "You see you were wrong, after all."

Old Nanny's room was only lighted by one window, and this was so darkened and overshadowed by the ivy outside, that on first entering it was difficult to distinguish whether there were occupants or no. Milly went first behind old Nanny, and started back with a sharp cry, just stiffed in its birth. There at the fireplace, looking very white, stood Herbert Benson. He handed her the chair he had been using, and stood aloof, watching.

Poor Milly felt very cold for a minute, and then she rallied; and, moreover, seeing him so pale, she thought he must care for her still, and might be brought to her side through jealousy.

Milly did not know the danger of playing with edged tools, and it never struck her that she might wound herself more than she wounded Herbert, whose face showed not jealous rage, but serious pain and displeasure.

With a little coquettish smile, Milly motioned Lord Oakland into the place Herbert had just resigned.

"Won't I come near the fire, sir? It was cold walking."

"Not at all," answered Lord Oakland, entering fully into the spirit of the scene. "I never enjoyed a walk more in all my life."

Herbert turned a shade paler, if possible, and withdrew still further into the background.

At this minute, a strange, wild face peered in through the window, rested on Herbert with menacing, hateful eyes, and then disappeared. Was it a spectre, some awful visitant from the world of shadows, or a real living presence? It was difficult to tell; and yet, whilst it remained there, a sudden, startling silence seemed to fall upon the little group collected in old Nanny's room. Milly was the first to speak. Glancing sideways at Herbert, to make sure that he was listening, she said, with demure malice:

"These country lanes are so lonely, one is glad to meet with a human being, if only for the novelty of the thing; although I can find a companion when I want. Tommy Wilson is always proud to be my protector, and I could not have a better."

"Dear little Milly! I don't believe she will prove obdurate after all."

He said this to himself, quite softly, and sighed. The twilight gloom was gathering fast, and the wind was sweeping across the tall tree-tops drearily.

Wilfred drew his coat closer about him, and shivered. He began to wish he was at home, especially now and then, he fancied he heard steps behind, digging his. Once he turned sharply, but the shadows were so thick that he could see nothing, and he went on again at rather a quicker pace than before. He reached the centre of the wood, where the night was the blackest, when, suddenly, he felt a hand on his throat. He tried to wrench himself away, but the grasp only tightened, until it felt like a grasp of iron.

Wilfred had courage enough; but this secret enemy, who assailed him from behind, was not like an ordinary foe. The very mystery of the assault confounded Wilfred, and put him off his guard.

"If I am in the wood to-morrow, at this hour, will your lordship allow me a few minutes' conversation?" he said.

"What part of the wood?"

"Opposite here."

"Very well," answered Lord Oakland, haughtily, and went off with his treasure, well satisfied on the whole.

He watched Herbert and Milly disappear down the lane, and then he turned towards the wood. The ribbon was in his hand, he transferred it to his button-hole, and smiled to himself, triumphantly.

"I wish I hadn't been so cross with him," she said, shrugging her pretty shoulders remorsefully. "Effie, let's ask paper to take us to the opera; we shall be in time for the last two acts."

"Just as you choose," said Effie Wallis, who was not unaccustomed to the sudden caprices of her pretty little cousin's mind.

The opera house was crowded, but the party with difficulty found seats at the back of the dress circle, and Lillian was hardly seated before she pressed her cousin's arm.

"Effie, look there, close to the orchestra stalls."

"Yes," said Mrs. Wallis. "I see—it is Mr. Allston; but I suppose a man has a right to come to the opera, if he chooses."

"I hope he won't see us," said Lillian, in a tone which might easily have been interpreted as directly contrary to her words.

"Do keep still, and let me hear this delicious solo!"

Lillian was delighted when she met Mr. Allston the next morning.

"I hope you enjoyed yourself last night," she said, demurely.

"I can't say that I did, particularly," he answered, with a smile. "I spent the evening at home, over my books, and I retired very early."

"I beg your pardon," said Lillian; "you were at the Opera, for I saw you there."

"You are mistaken, Lillian."

"I am not mistaken," she answered, positively. "I saw you there, and Effie did also. What's the use of trying to deceive me so?"

He colored a little, and answered, "I have known clever men to lack."

"Good taste."

"Tommy knows who is good to him, that is all."

"And who is pretty, that is more."

"I shouldn't fancy he troubled himself much about such things."

"I shouldn't have thought so, either, but it seems, from what you say, that he does."

"Oh, sir, I never said that."

"Not exactly, but you implied it; and, in a case of this kind, to allow a thing to be understood by implication, is as good as an acknowledgment."

"I never meant it to be."

"I can't help that."

"But you are not obliged to believe it now it is explained, sir."

"Perhaps I sha'n't be able to get rid of the impression."

This dialogue had been carried on in a low voice, but Herbert, in spite of Milly's gossip, caught a good part of it, and his brow darkened more and more.

Milly was only encouraging Lord Oakland in order to pique the other into some display of feeling; but Herbert fancied that she had real pleasure in the young viscount's flattery, because of his rank and position.

Here was a new complication to this miserable case. If Milly should be tempted into wrong-doing through their estrangement the sin must lie at Mr. Lowe's door; but he should take the best part of the suffering on himself.

Herbert would be just the people, sir, I shouldn't want to know, and I am sure they wouldn't want to know me."

"Some of them would; because I do."

"And you like the world?"

"Very much. I shouldn't like to be

Milly could be induced to take this trial in a different court.

Herbert hardly knew what to do; but, presently, when Lord Oakland, encouraged by Milly's coquetry, bent so low to whisper in her ear, that his breath fanned her cheek, Herbert stepped suddenly forward, from an impulse he could not control, and said, firmly:

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



MOLASSES-CANDY CITY.

A FAIRY TALE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY MYRTLE BLOSSOM.

"Now you stay here and play, Bobby, that's a good boy," said Bobby's big sister, Lisette; "you make mamma's head ache with your noise in the house, and if you go into the street you'll be sure to go with bad boys."

They were in the garden, where Lisette had been weeding in her flower-beds, and Bobby was sitting under an apple-tree cutting a stick with a knife that Uncle Will had given him.

Bobby reflected for a moment, then, as Lisette was walking away, he called out:

"I say, Liz, unless you give me a lot more candy, I'll go into the streets."

"I shan't give you any more candy, but you must stay where you are," replied Lisette. "You have eaten enough; too much candy is a very bad thing."

"Too much candy! there couldn't be too much candy," said Bobby, indignantly. "I wish the whole world was made of candy!"

But Lisette was out of hearing.

Bobby sat and thought for a long time how happy he should be if the world were really all candy, and he could have as much as he wanted.

All at once he was surprised to see a little old woman come hopping over the garden wall, behind the row of currant bushes; a funny, little, shrivelled-up old woman, with a yellow skin, and hollow, sunken eyes. She came directly up to Bobby.

"You are a good, sensible little boy!" she said; "the only sensible person I have seen in all this miserable, foolish country. I happened to be passing by the garden wall just now, and I heard what your sister, silly creature! said to you, and what you said, and I resolved at once that you shouldn't stay where you are so cruelly treated. Not to give you enough candy, indeed! My good boy, you shall go home with me."

"Where do you live?" inquired Bobby.

"I live in Molasses-Candy City—the most beautiful—the only really beautiful place in the world."

Bobby opened his eyes very wide. That was a very nice name—Molasses-Candy City.

"It must be a good way off," said Bobby. "I never heard of it before."

"Oh, it is not so far but that we can get there before sunset," answered the little old woman.

Bobby rose and put his hand in hers, and said he was ready, without a moment's hesitation. Would any sensible little boy have hesitated to go to a city with such a name as that? Not one with a tooth like Bobby's, certainly.

They walked down to the railroad depot together, and took the train. They rode a long, long way—it seemed to Bobby almost to the end of the world—but yet it was not sunset when the conductor called out, "Molasses-Candy City!" and the old lady took Bobby by the hand, and led him out of the train.

Bobby rubbed his eyes, and pinched himself to see if he really were Bobby. For what do you think? The pavement on which he walked was made of great lozenges instead of bricks, and the houses on either side were built in the fashion of log houses, with great squares of candy instead of stone. The churches, too, were built in the same way, and their steeples were studded thickly with all kinds and colors of sugar-plums. You may be sure it was a very pretty sight to see them sparkling in the sunshine; and Bobby's eyes grew as large as saucers, and his mouth fairly watered.

"Can't you get some of them down?" he asked the old lady, eagerly.

"Bless your heart, you poor, starved creature! I can't get those down—it wouldn't do to pull the church to pieces, if I could, you know; but you shall have all you can possibly eat. Supper will be all ready when we get home."

Very soon the old lady stopped before one of the candy houses, and Bobby followed her in. Three or four little girls ran to meet her in the hall; but, oh, such queer-looking little girls! Their skins were yellow and sickly-looking, and their eyes hollow and lustreless, like the little old lady's.

There were two or three grown people in the house, and they had all the same sickly look. The inside of the house was like the outside, all candy, and the furniture—chairs and tables and sofas—were all made out of candy, in the most beautiful colors imaginable.

All the family expressed the greatest surprise and admiration on seeing Bobby.

"Where in the world did you find him, aunty?" asked the girl, whom they called Bonbonetta, pinching Bobby's cheeks to see how fat they were.

"Oh, I took a trip a long way off, almost out of the world, where the heathen and savages live—where I hope none of you will ever go, my dears—and I found this poor little boy begging for candies, and his barbarous sister actually refused to give him any, saying that too much candy was a very bad thing."

"Oh!" cried Bonbonetta, lifting her hands with a look of horror, "what dreadful creatures those savages are! I have heard that they have animals that they eat—frightful creatures all covered with hair—and they live in great, coarse, clumsy houses made of bricks. I am glad you brought the poor little fellow with you. He is so pretty; he will be such a nice playmate for Juju. How mean of your sister not to give you enough candy! and how fortunate that we are going to have candy for supper!" she said to Bobby.

Another one of the girls, whom they called Caramella, now announced that supper was ready, and they all went into the dining-room.

The table was all spread—but what a queer-looking supper-table it was! There was nothing but candies upon it! On a large plate there was something that looked like a mutton chop, and Bobby, being very fond of it, was highly delighted; and much as he liked candy, he was a little disappointed when he discovered that it was only sugar made to look like mutton chop.

Then there was a dish full of what Bobby was quite sure were eggs; but when he had one on his plate, he found that it was only a ball of sugar, flavored

with liquorice, to be sure, and very nice, but Bobby was so faint, that he began to long for some more substantial food. Not that he did not find it delightful to have as much candy as he wanted, but, eating so much, and so many different kinds—chocolate cream drops, and peppermints, and great sticks of candy, and lozenges of all flavors—he had begun to have a very uncomfortable feeling in his stomach, while his hunger was not in the least satisfied.

But all the family ate very heartily, and seemed to enjoy their supper very much. And they urged Bobby to eat, continually, and seemed surprised at the smallness of his appetite.

"I thought you said you were hungry?" said Bonbonetta.

"No, I am," answered Bobby;

"But what?" inquired Bonbonetta, as Bobby hesitated.

"But if you could give me a piece of bread and butter, or a slice of cold meat, I think I should like it better than so much candy," said Bobby, emboldened by hunger.

They all held up their hands in amazement, and Bonbonetta turned her little peaked nose up very high with contempt.

"I don't know what bread and butter is," she said; "but if you can't find enough to eat at our table, I think you must be very dainty."

They all looked very angry, that Bobby felt rather alarmed.

The next morning when he awoke his very first thought was of breakfast, for he wasn't used to going without his supper, or, what was quite as bad, eating a candy supper.

But, alas! there was nothing but candies for breakfast, and Bobby began to think he should starve to death.

"Oh, I am sick of candies!" he cried, pushing his chair from the breakfast table. "If I only had something awful sour!"

And just then he happened to think that he had picked up a green apple in the garden at home, and put it into his pocket. He put his hand into his pocket, and there it was—a little, hard, sour, green apple. But Bobby took a great bite out of it as eagerly as he would once have done if it had been candy.

"What is that? Is it nice?" asked Bonbonetta, curiously.

"Yes, delicious!" answered Bobby. "Don't you want to taste?" and he held it out to Bonbonetta.

She took it and tasted it, but the next instant she uttered a loud scream, and fell back senseless.

"Oh, you wretched, you have killed our darling Bonbonetta!" cried the little old lady who had brought him there.

She had eaten nothing but sweet all her life, and the sour apple juice, it seemed, had killed her.

Bobby was so frightened that his hair began to stand up straight—the more so, as the screams of the family began to draw people into the house. It seemed to Bobby as if all the people who lived in Molasses-Candy City came pouring into the house. And among them were two police officers, with lozenge badges on their coats, and great sticks of candy in their hands. And they seized upon Bobby at once, when they heard what he had done, and dragged him away—to prison Bobby thought they would carry him. But much worse than that was in store for him. He had yet to learn, more fully than he had, that everything in Molasses-Candy City was not sweet.

The officers dragged him away to a public square, crowds of people following. They tied him to a tall post, a great candy cannon was planted in front of him, and, while Bobby shook in every limb with terror, the cannon went off with an awful noise, a sour ball came whizzing through the air, and struck him on the forehead, and—

Bobby woke up, with a great start, to find himself under the apple tree in the garden, and to find that the cannon ball was only his brother Ben's rubber ball that Ben had just thrown at his head.

And it was all a dream!

"Ho! I'd be ashamed to be sleeping in the daytime, like a baby," cried Ben, making his appearance.

"I haven't been asleep!" cried Bobby, indignantly, sitting up and rubbing his eyes open. "I've been to Molasses-Candy City!"

"My!" said Ben. "I should think that must be a nice place. I would not have come back if I had been you."

"I am glad I am back," muttered Bobby to himself; but he didn't say anything more to Ben, because Ben always made fun of him.

"You ate too many sweets!" said Lisette, when he had related all his adventures to her, "and that made you have a bad dream."

Bobby concluded that Lisette was right; and I am too happy to say that he was careful never to eat too many sweets again, so he never made a second trip to Molasses-Candy City.

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"You CAN'T PLEASE EVERYBODY."

"If you please," said the Weathercock to the Wind, "turn me to the south. There is such a cry-out against the cold, that I am afraid they'll pull me down if I stop much longer in this north quarter."

So the wind flew from the south, and the sun was master of the day, and rain fell abundantly.

"Oh, please, to turn me from the south," said the Weathercock to the Wind again. "The potatoes will all be spoilt, and the corn wants dry weather, and while I am here raise it will, and, with the heat and the sun, the farmers are just mad against me."

So the Wind shifted from the west, and there came soft drying breezes day after day.

"Oh, dear, dear!" said the Weathercock, "here's a pretty to-do! such evil looks as I get from eyes all round the first thing every morning. The grass is getting parched up, and there is no water for the stock; and what is to be done? Do turn me somewhere else."

Upon which the Wind grew very angry, and with a fierce puff sent the Weathercock into the east.

"What do they say to you, now?" he asked.

"What?" cried the Weathercock; "why, everybody has caught cold, and everything is blighted—that's what they say; and there isn't a misfortune that happens but somehow or other they lay it to the east wind."

"Well!" cried the Wind, "let them find fault; I see it is impossible for you and me to please everybody, so in future I shall blow where I like, and you shall go where I like, without asking any questions."

THE BABY'S SECRET.

BY JULIA G. BREWSTER.

"Tell me, Daisy, tell me truly,
Does he love me, you or no?"
And the blushing face was bending
Toward the earth where Daisy lay.

"For he whispered softly to me,
As the moonbeam gently fell,
Words that filled my heart with gladness,
Words I cannot, cannot tell.

"And the flowers seemed brighter, fairer,
Than they had in days of yore,
While the streamlets seemed to murmur,
"Sunshine ever—weep no more!"

"But they tell me it is falsehood—
That my heart was but his toy;
Tell me, Daisy, tell me quickly,
Shall my soul drink grief or joy?"

"But the Daisy had not weeped,
And a voice spoke low and soft,
"I am a true and faithful darling,
For the heart I prize most dear."

stand of one. You've been entreating me to marry for several years past, and I have at length obliged you. Miriam, queen of my soul, threw aside your veil, that you may see how lovely you are at a single coup d'oeil, but that is impossible."

He had first kissed his mother, talking all the while, and had half thrust his wife in her arms. Then turning, he looked up at his father, and clasped his hand with a herculean grip.

"I am so glad to be back, with all the fuss and weary of travel quite over for the present. I am afraid you all have been very lonely; and I haven't written as often as I should have done, but we'll talk everything over, Miriam and my mother, you and I, in sober good fashion. I'm done roaming now, and am going to become a good citizen."

"Amen!" said Mr. Danvers the elder, very earnestly, as his step-daughter having escaped from the anxious mother's embrace, moved down upon him, now with queenly grace, while he caught her small extended hand tightly in his own, and stooped to press a hearty kiss upon her lips.

"It will not do for me to condemn him," said the bride, in her soft deliberate accents, "as my present position is the result of his Odyssaea. You remember that he met me in Egypt."

It was well enough said and Danvers, peror, looked down at her with earnest scrutiny for the moment. Not very far down, either, for this daughter, too, was of the "divinely tall," like and graceful in figure, dark brown and eyed, with pearl teeth, just gleaming beyond her scarlet lips.

"She is outwardly beautiful, certainly," was Mr. Danvers' mental reflection, with a sigh of relief. "We may be proud of her appearance anywhere."

What would he not have given at that moment for one glance beyond that pearl-white skin, and those great fathomless eyes, at the heart that lay beneath them?

Was he ever to know its whole history?

Would she sit at his knee, in the future, a daughter, indeed, and unfold to him, in childish innocence, all her past experiences?

"Yes," continued Eugene, with a restless anxiety to set these other three at their ease, for his fine sense told him that, refined as his parents were, they would have liked something just a little more demonstrative in their only son's wife, and that accordingly the least bit of ice was freezing between them now, with many other changes for the better, in me. So we will plant our banners here in good faith, and cry "Alabama!"

He had placed a chair for his wife, and she had taken it with faultless grace, while glancing with rapt interest about her.

Eugene had turned once more towards his mother, and perceiving that her anxious eyes were fastened in involuntary admiration upon his wife, he passed his arm affectionately about her, and gave her, this time, a kiss of gratitude.

"Eugene, where is Cecil?"

It was young Mrs. Danvers who spoke, turning her dark eyes suddenly, as though she had forgotten something, upon her husband.

"Ah! as I live, we had well-nigh forgotten the dear child! And it is so cold, too. Where is Allaine?"

"Here, sir. Master Cecyl is here to open his basket of toys outside, to pacify him."

A little, dark woman, in a complete gray traveling suit, entered the room at the moment, bearing a small boy, perhaps some three years of age, in her arms; a spoiled, wilful, beautiful boy, with eyes like those of the new Mrs. Danvers, and a well-shaped head, clustered over with bright golden curls.

"Mamma," said Eugene, again; it seemed to be his turn nearly always to speak.

"I have come into your house, a stranger to you both; and he has a perfect right to ask such questions of me or my husband, irrespective of what good taste might suggest as to time or place."

"Mr. Danvers, I listen with attention. I shall be most happy to hear you."

"Mr. Danvers, began the old lady, who had been for the time quite dumbfounded by the turn affairs had taken. "Is not this seeming court of investigation rather out of place—especially at this late day with our dear Eugene's wife?"

"Pardon me, mother," replied Miriam Danvers, in her most bewitching accents.

"I have come into your house, a stranger to you both; and he has a perfect right to ask such questions of me or my husband, irrespective of what good taste might suggest as to time or place."

"Mr. Danvers, I listen with attention. I shall be most happy to hear you."

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"who had been for the time quite dumbfounded by the turn affairs had taken. "Is not this seeming court of investigation rather out of place—especially at this late day with our dear

"And you have no reason to doubt," continued Mrs. Danvers, thinking to convince by the positive tone of her assertions. "Eugene has found out all that it is necessary to know, you may depend. How came you to imagine that she was her cousin?"

"I had never heard of any other."

"Well there might be some people as far off as Cains my dear, that you did not know."

"True, my dear Margaret," replied Mr. Danvers, recovering in a measure his natural manner. "Your arguments are convincing. I was very wrong, but I was started into it."

"She was very amiable and did not take offence, so you must do her and yourself justice by being yourself at dinner. But what was there so terrible about the cousin of whom you speak?"

"Of the woman herself I am glad to say that I know little, and that very little by report; but the story of her parents is blackened with infamy from beginning to end. I hope I shall have no need to recall it, even in thought, so let us dismiss the subject."

"With all my heart, but we may talk of Eugene's wife. She is beautiful, is she not?"

"Yes."

"Well, as in that he has not overrated her. Let us hope that his discernment has been equally fine in every other respect."

"Amen, from the bottom of my heart."

"She is certainly graceful in manner, and evidently cultivated."

"I grant you."

"What is it, then, that you do not like?"

"I have not said that I disliked anything, since I have found out that I was mistaken in my first supposition."

"It is, "No, but your expression is not one of satisfaction."

"The fault of my temper or digestion, perhaps. You must not interrogate me too closely. That is a bad boy of hers to begin with."

"All intelligent children are bad, Mr. Danvers. I feel sorry for the poor little fatherless fellow."

"Humph! Eugene will be a deal kinder to him than his own father would have been, I dare say, and I think with all necessary depreciation of self, that he has got into quarters which some boys with very good fathers might be disposed to envy. But he is a vicious boy. I saw it in his face when he spoke to you."

"Oh, Mr. Danvers. In a child of that age? I am afraid you are allowing the most unreasonable prejudices to take possession of you. Do, for all our sakes, struggle against it."

"It shall never again be expressed in word or look, unless the most unreasonable of circumstances should call it forth. I hope she may prove so amiable that I shall never have to refer to Pickwick again to see what Tony Weller says upon the subject of widows."

"Ah! you do not like her being a widow."

"I should have imagined a young girl more to Eugene's taste."

"Well there is something a little unromantic to the young fancy about a person who has had another husband or wife, but some of the greatest men that have ever lived have thought just as our boy has done. Washington married a widow, so did Napoleon Bonaparte."

"Ah! true. How could I be so forgetful of such illustrious examples for my comfort, when they are held up for all the world to imitate. Did Eugene mention her age?"

"She was twenty-six when he married her, and he as you know, twenty-seven."

"Well, Margaret, I believe I will go to my smoking room."

"I will remain here, and perhaps take a nap in my chair before the dinner bell disturbs us, which will not be long now, remember."

"I shall be ready, so as resolute, and pleasant dreams, and Mr. Danvers bowed to his lady with courtly politeness, and passed out. Crossing his reading room, he turned into a little alcove to the right, and sinking into an arm-chair, lit a manilla from which he began to pull clouds of smoke about him with a vigorous effort.

That done, he rested a few moments and passed into his dressing-room to prepare for dinner, and his preparations were hardly concluded when the bell sounded. He hurried out, and was just crossing the hall when Eugene and his wife came up. Mr. Danvers the father, turned with his best smile, and offered her his arm.

"Eugene," he said, "you will look for your mother, and leave me to take charge of Miriam. I did not think there was room for improvement when you came in first, yet you dazzle me afresh. This professes to be a rather fastidious city of ours upon the subject of beauty, but I am confident you will meet all demands."

"Ah! I see now where Eugene learned his aesthetic arts of flattery," said the young wife, looking up into his face with her brightest smile.

"Not from me, I assure you, and our positions would scarcely warrant me in the use of such compliment. No, before I learn to love you as a daughter, which however much I might desire to do at present, it would be scarcely natural to expect, until we know each other better. I can be dispassionately critical."

Was there a deeper meaning to these words than the mere language itself would imply, and did his means for her to understand that she had yet to make him learn to trust and love her?

She was soonest wondering, when Eugene came up again, and they all passed into the dining-hall.

There were no invited guests, but the dinner was as stately an affair as could have been imagined. The massive silver service reflected her image at every turn, like many mirrors, and the white, leavened waiters, dumb as Eastern mutes, moved about like clockwork. The fare was such as the combined markets of the world afford, and young Mrs. Danvers ate with a keen relish at which romance of the pulling order might again have scoffed. The lady of the house was delighted, and the conversation rapidly lost all stiffness and formality. Mr. Danvers himself forgot his suspicion, and looked at her in undisguised admiration, at sight of which Eugene's face brightened until it was almost radiant. Any one could see that his happiness was perfect.

There was to be a grand reception that night and, dinner finished, the young wife could lose no time. A more elaborate toilette was to be gone through again, and with polite excuses the returned to her own rooms. Eugene lingered for a moment.

"Are you disappointed, mamma?"

"Yes, agreeably so. Mr. Danvers and I were saying a while before you come

down, that she was more beautiful than you, had represented her, and we had been disposed to make all due allowances for a lover's partiality. I hope she was not ill at your father's reception. He condescended to having been surprised, for once, into a transports of manner, for which he scarcely knows how to apologize. In all my experience of him, I have never known anything like it."

"I suppose it was partly attributable to my negligence in leaving you to guess so much," replied Eugene. "But you know when one is thoroughly satisfied with himself and his surroundings, he is not apt to imagine his friends disturbed by any of that longitude which they would naturally feel if he were in a position of doubt or peril, and hence very rarely troubles himself to go into details. But we need not remember it longer, as we know it will not be repeated, for Miriam has the gentlest and most forgiving disposition in the world."

"And then," said Mrs. Danvers, smiling fondly upon her son, "her manners are as prepossessing as her face. You need give yourself no uneasiness, Eugene. I am sure we shall learn to love her very much."

"Was Mr. Danvers, the elder, equally as confident?"

"By no manner of means. He had felt the witchery of the strange woman's manner, while she looked him in the face, and sat and talked to him, as all men, old or young, devout or Bohemian in nature, were sure to do, and as the perfumed air that encompassed her swept over him when she passed, even he felt something of that impulse which had prompted thousands of others to swear by her, as a divinity."

"You have surpassed yourself, Clare!" he cried with vivacity. "You are a magician. I found myself looking positively old an hour ago, and now I am fresh as Aphrodite just from the foam of the sea."

Aphrodite indeed could scarcely have been more beautiful.

"Now, Clare, you treasure," continued Mrs. Danvers, "go take charge of my little tutu Cecil, and send Alaine to finish my toilette. No woman was ever so fortunate in hair-dresser and dress robes as I. Ah! it is only fools who do not see that money is the open sesame to all the treasures of earth!"

For the first time since we have seen her, Miriam Danvers was genuinely enthusiastic, and the spell of her beauty was weird in its influence even over the female attendant who looked on, and who had never seen such a light in her mistress' eyes or such a flush upon her cheeks.

"You have surpassed yourself, Clare!" he cried with vivacity. "You are a magician. I found myself looking positively old an hour ago, and now I am fresh as Aphrodite just from the foam of the sea."

"You are like the pictures of Mary Stuart," he said admiringly, when it was done, and his wife gave a quick start.

"Never say that again. I was told that same thing once before."

"Well," replied Eugene, with a laugh.

"I don't suppose your end will be quite tragic. And I hope you will never feel like dealing with me as she did with poor Darnley. But come, our mother has been impatiently waiting for nearly an hour."

"What will your father say?"

"That the Danvers family has boasted of some beauties in its day, but his son has crowned the queen of them all."

Expectation was breathless below, yet the full realization of this advent had not been anticipated. Eugene Danvers came in with a wrisch, a mist, a transfiguration of idealistic womanhood upon his arm. Necks were craned, and men and women rubbed their eyes, as though under the impression that they were being cheated by some specious vision in a panorama, and this were the *chef d'œuvre* of some skilful artifice in taste and delicate coloring; but when her graceful, lively gestures, and the notes of her soft voice fell on their ears, and they were persuaded that here was a human, sentient form, with life like their own, their admiration knew no bounds. Poor Eugene, at the first separation, was overwhelmed with congratulations, all of which he received with but too visible delight. And in half an hour after the presentations, Miriam was hemmed in by a galaxy of distinguished men—looking like a queen on her throne, yet having them all at their ease, in the most graceful vivacious conversation.

Mr. Danvers, the elder, was another illustration of the surprising manner in which men of the world learn to mask their features, and like Falstaff, to make of speech the method of concealing their thoughts. He had played his part well to-night, and some of the young ladies declared that he was "quite a love" even at his age. But ever and anon, in moments of abstraction, the troubadour lost that he had been to him until to-day, came back in all its force, and his eyes would turn for an instant to where his daughter-in-law sat, graciously dispensing smiles and *bien-vois* to the delighted circle about her.

"Does she know her mother's history, and if so, can she imagine my inspiration?" he mused. "That she has not heard of me is impossible. And if she knows all that dark history, could she be so blind as to suppose that I am ignorant of all concerning her. Or did she perhaps hurry up this match, believing that when she should be once my son's wife, I must perform 'put a bribe upon thy tongue, and bury the dark past in oblivion, while she queens it over the rest of the world, and even over me.' Could I do it? By heavens, no! for were there law in the land, Eugene would send her to the remotest corner of the earth."

Mrs. Danvers touched him on the arm.

"You are in a brown study, my dear," she whispered. "Pray strew yourself; you are observed." Before Mr. Danvers could reply an old acquaintance had joined them.

"Madam," he said, "I have been critically examining your daughter-in-law, as she sits, *tout ensemble*, and can detect no shadow of a flaw. She is simply perfect. Questions of the kind I was about to ask are rude I know, but when they are put by an old friend, and refer to so very young a woman, still I am sure they may be pardoned, especially since she is married for the second time. Do you know her age?"

"She is twenty-six, Mr. Delamere."

"If she be the daughter of the Douglas-House I fear she is, she is every hour of thirty, to my certain knowledge," muttered Mr. Danvers, "but this one train or strain of thought tortures me. She would look me in the face and lie through it, as her mother would have done. So I must be content until the truth can be ascertained through other definite sources."

"Margaret," he said, suddenly, "who is the stranger conversing with Eugene, near the door? I don't know him."

"An acquaintance of Eugene's, most probably," said the lady, composedly. "Our ages would forbid that our friends should be quite the same, Philip."

"My common sense would have forbidden me to receive that man as my friend at any time of my life, I think,"

said Mrs. Eugene Danvers, as she sat in semi-toile on a low ottoman before her Dresden mirror, while the maid's deft fingers were passing an ivory comb through her beautiful hair, that now hung down to the carpet like a heavy mantle about her shoulders. "I have hearts to win to-night, and some evil influences, of a nature I know not exactly what, to exercise that would make me wish to be very 'Miles.'

"One moment, Miriam."

"But Eugene, the latest of your guests are here ere this, and it is time we should appear."

"I shall, as I said, detain you but a moment."

Had the doting young husband looked up at that moment, he would have been startled by an ugly gleam of anger and impatience in his wife's beautiful face; but she mastered it in a moment, and turned with indigo grace towards him, as he lifted a casket of pearl and gold from the cabinet within reach.

"I have something beautiful, as even you may confess, to show you, Miriam. This casket contains the finest single set of diamonds in the country. My mother sends them as a present and begs, if you will, to accept them as a gift to-night. She has had them re-set for the occasion."

He touched a spring and the casket flew open, shedding a brilliant glow of light about them. There was no faint in Miriam's delight now. She uttered a startled cry, and her laugh rang like a chime of silvery bells through the room.

"What an angel your mother is! I know I should love her. She is like you, Eugene."

With his own honest nature full of generous impulses, he did not know how little importance those who are truly wise will attach to such expressions from the lips of those who have a motive to flatter. From supposed friend or lover, also how often are they the most verbiage in all the redundancy of our language. In perfect trust Eugene caught her to his heart, to the imminent jeopardy of her faultless tunic, with its innumerable folds and puffs and costly ornaments, and pressed a kiss upon her coral mouth.

"You silly girl!" she cried, drawing back "do you know how easily spoiled a woman in *costume du bal*. Besides I am impatient to see the effect of these queenly jewels."

He clasped the necklace about her swan-like throat, while her own hands placed the pendants in her ears, and the stars upon her head.

"You are like the pictures of Mary Stuart," he said admiringly, when it was done, and his wife gave a quick start.

"Never say that again. I was told that same thing once before."

"Well," replied Eugene, with a laugh.

"I don't suppose your end will be quite tragic. And I hope you will never feel like dealing with me as she did with poor Darnley. But come, our mother has been impatiently waiting for nearly an hour."

"What will your father say?"

"That the Danvers family has boasted of some beauties in its day, but his son has crowned the queen of them all."

Expectation was breathless below, yet the full realization of this advent had not been anticipated. Eugene Danvers came in with a wrisch, a mist, a transfiguration of idealistic womanhood upon his arm. Necks were craned, and men and women rubbed their eyes, as though under the impression that they were being cheated by some specious vision in a panorama, and this were the *chef d'œuvre* of some skilful artifice in taste and delicate coloring; but when her graceful, lively gestures, and the notes of her soft voice fell on their ears, and they were persuaded that here was a human, sentient form, with life like their own, their admiration knew no bounds. Poor Eugene, at the first separation, was overwhelmed with congratulations, all of which he received with but too visible delight. And in half an hour after the presentations, Miriam was hemmed in by a galaxy of distinguished men—looking like a queen on her throne, yet having them all at their ease, in the most graceful vivacious conversation.

Mr. Danvers, the elder, was another illustration of the surprising manner in which men of the world learn to mask their features, and like Falstaff, to make of speech the method of concealing their thoughts. He had played his part well to-night, and some of the young ladies declared that he was "quite a love" even at his age. But ever and anon, in moments of abstraction, the troubadour lost that he had been to him until to-day, came back in all its force, and his eyes would turn for an instant to where his daughter-in-law sat, graciously dispensing smiles and *bien-vois* to the delighted circle about her.

"Does she know her mother's history, and if so, can she imagine my inspiration?" he mused. "That she has not heard of me is impossible. And if she knows all that dark history, could she be so blind as to suppose that I am ignorant of all concerning her. Or did she perhaps hurry up this match, believing that when she should be once my son's wife, I must perform 'put a bribe upon thy tongue, and bury the dark past in oblivion, while she queens it over the rest of the world, and even over me.' Could I do it? By heavens, no! for were there law in the land, Eugene would send her to the remotest corner of the earth."

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ing thrown open, she passed into her husband's presence. Eugene's raptures were unabated, but she did not seem disposed to walk to hear them, and passing her arm through his would have moved towards them.

"One moment, Miriam."

"But Eugene, the latest of your guests are here ere this, and it is time we should appear."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



VEGETABLE PHILOSOPHY.—Sage advice.

COOKING DANGER.—Visiting another man's wife.

RESCUE for a hot breakfast.—Admire your husband's new bosom.

Why did Job always sleep cold? Because he had miserable comforters.

THE young-man-who-parts-his-hair-in-the-middle and his money are soon parted.

Why is testostatism a bar to friendship of a sort? Because it prevents shaking hands.

THE woman who neglects her husband's shirt front, is not the wife of his bosom.

MANY men and women have had occasion to know that two do not necessarily make a pair.

Some Boston girls are about to establish a stock-darning factory, for the benefit of friendless young bachelors. The girls should adopt the Latin motto—*Sece et tuem, daret!*

ENTHUSIASTIC LOVER.—"Dear Augustus," said an affectionate girl, "I am willing to marry you if we have to live on bread and water."

"Well," responded the enthusiastic Augustus, "you furnish the bread and I'll skirmish round and find the water."

SPOOKY young gentlemen are advised never to write gushing effusions in praise of their sweethearts' hair. They may safely operate on her nose or eyes, but the color of her hair is apt to change with the fashion. It would be very awkward to send her a poem telling her that her hair is like golden threads spun from a sunbeam, and to meet her next day wearing a deep chestnut colored chignon.

SOMETHING LIKE A LOVE!—"Amelia, for then—yes, at thy command, I'd tear this eternal armament in a thousand fragments; I'd gather the stars one by one as they tumble from the regions of ethereal space, and put them in my trousser's pocket; I'd pluck the sun, that orient god of day, that traverses the blue arch of heaven in such majestic splendor—I'd tear him from the sky, and quench his bright effulgence in the fountain of my eternal love for thee!"

HER ANSWER.

It was bliss to sit silently near her, But bliss has no limits, and I Would speak to her boldly and hear her Breath melody rare in reply.

Strange feelings were mine I might not define, The throne of my queen drawing nigh.

I murmured, "Fair maid, may the pleasure

To share your next dance be my lot? The hope paradise I treasure,

This rapture you'll gainsay me not!"

"Excuse me," she said,

"I'm just about dead,

It's really so 'orrible off!"

HE KNEW.—There are a number of Americans in Paris, and among them, Brown. He knows less about the French language than he does about the man in the moon. The other evening he concluded to go to the circus. He went to a hack driver and began a series of motions that looked very much as if he had performed the geometrical problem of squaring a circle, and was trying to demonstrate it to "cabby." He whirled on his head, threw his arm around, described a circle with his hand, and pointed towards the Champ Elysees. The driver pushed his hat back, put his whip under his arm, and gave close attention. After Brown had exhausted himself, the Frenchman scratched his head a moment, and said:

"Och, and it is the circus you want to go to; and bedad and why didn't you say so?"

THE DEVIL RIGHT.—The pastor of church, had been for some time annoyed by the forwardness of a lay brother to "speak" whenever an opportunity was offered, to the frequent exclamation of those whose remarks had a greater tendency to edification. This had been carried so far that the pastor, whenever he waited that an "opportunity" would now be offered for any brother to give an exhortation, had always secret dread of the loquacious member. On one special occasion, the latter prefaced a pray, incoherent harangue with an account of a controversy he had been carrying on with the greatest adversary. "My friends," said he, "the devil and I have been fighting for more than twenty minutes; he told me not to speak to-night, but I determined I would; he said some of the rest could speak better than I, but still I felt that I could not keep silent; he even whispered that I spoke too often, and that nobody wanted to hear me; but I was not to be put down that way, and now I have gained the victory, I must tell you all that is in my heart." Then followed the tedious harangue aforesaid. As they were coming out of the session-room, the good pastor inclined his head so that his mouth approached the ear of the militant member, and whispered, "Brother, I think the devil was right!"

THE WIDOW CABOCHARD.—It is well known that at the *Pere la Chaise* Cemetery, near Paris, there stands in a conspicuous position a splendid monument to Pierre Cabochar, grocer, with a pathetic inscription which closes thus:

"THE INCORPORATED WIDOW dedicates this monument to his memory, and causes it to be inscribed on the old stone, 181 Rue Montmartre."

Now a Parisian paper relates that a short time ago, a gentleman who had noticed the above inscription was led by curiosity to call at the address indicated. Having expressed his desire to see Widow Cabochar, he was immediately ushered into the presence of a fashionably-dressed and full-bearded man, who asked what was the object of his visit.

"I came to see the Widow Cabochar, sir."

"Well, sir, here she is."

"I beg pardon, but I wish to see the lady in person."

"Sir, I am the Widow Cabochar."

"I don't exactly understand you. I allude to the relic of the late Pierre Cabochar, whose monument I saw yesterday at the *Pere la Chaise*."

"I see, I see," was the smiling rejoinder. "Allow me to inform you that Pierre Cabochar is a myth, and, therefore, never had a wife. The tomb you admired cost me a good deal of money, and although no one is buried there, it proves a first-rate advertisement, and I have had no cause to regret the expense. Now, sir, what can I sell you in the way of groceries?"



They say—Ah! well, suppose they do? But can they prove the story true? Someone may arise from thought; someone may arise from thought; Why count yourself among the "that"? What whisper that they dare not say?

They say—But why the tales themselves? And help to make the matter worse? No good can possibly accrue From telling which may be untrue; And is it not aadier to play the fool? What speak of all the cost you eat?

They say—Well, if you tell the truth, We'll need to tell the whole truth; Will the big, strong redoubt be broken? Will make one pang of sorrow less? Will it the erring one restore, Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

They say—Oh, pause, and look within, See how thy heart's inclined to sin; Watch, lest in dark temptation's hour Thou let the good, weak, airy air fall, Fly to the good, weak, airy air fall.

They say—My dear, darling Mr. Dobkins, It has lost its sense," sighed Miss Lavinia.

They say—Oh, try to get 'em back, there's a good soul," cried Miss Tiffins, bursting into tears.

They say—What does this mean?" cried David, "Do you dare to deny at the very altar that I have been your accepted lover for four weeks, and that we came here to-day to be made one?"

They say—Oh, dear!" screamed Lavinia, "what shall I do? I see it all; you thought I meant you, and I thought you meant Harry."

They say—But, nevertheless, he was nervous.

They say—He walked to the window, fidgeted, wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, and finally sat down on the sofa beside Lavinia, and remarked:

They say—My hope I'm not disagreeable to you?"

They say—Disagreeable! Oh, dear, no, sir," cried Lavinia.

They say—And my little home would not be a decentable place to live in?" asked David.

They say—Lavinia had often talked with Harry on the subject of living with David, so she replied at once:

They say—Oh, no, sir! I should like it if all things."

They say—Bless your heart!" said David;

They say—I am sure I shall try to do so," said Lavinia. "Harry has often told me that I should like you so very much."

They say—So the boy has been pleading my cause," said Mr. Dobkins.

They say—Oh, he did not need to do that; I always liked you," said Lavinia.

They say—If he made no will at all, everything would go to Harry, and if he made it, probably there might be a little legacy to the housekeeper—but for the rest, nothing to interfere with his nephew's prospects.

They say—Over the way from the old bachelor's house stood another dwelling. Its windows faced those at which Mr. Dobkins sat. At them a young lady often sat and sewed. She looked over at the house very often. Sometimes she blushed and looked away again, but her eyes traveled back very soon.

They say—When Mr. Dobkins began to notice this, he was not surprised; he knew himself—all men do—to be a very captivating person. He knew that ladies fell in love with him suddenly without being able to avoid it. Besides, he did not show his years. He might be gray, but he was not as bald as Harry. Harry was not as handsome as he was at his age—not the fellow to captivate women.

They say—Meanwhile, at the window just above, Harry sat smoking, also.

They say—Mr. Dobkins did not know that.

They say—Neither did Harry know that Dobkins was taking the glances intended for the second floor as the property of the first.

They say—Men are not as smart as women, but Mrs. Mifflin knew all about it.

They say—An old gander and an young goose," she said to herself, as she blushed about. "I don't know which of the two is the silliest."

They say—One morning at breakfast, David, casting a glance towards the window, remarked:

They say—Fine looking girl over there. I suppose you never noticed her?"

They say—Oh, yes, I have," said Harry, blushing.

They say—Have you noticed that?" said Harry.

They say—So you've been watching me?" said David.

They say—You're a silly dog. Ah! well, isn't the first time that sort of thing has happened. Very fine girl, indeed.

They say—So you admire her?" said the nephew.

They say—Immensely," said David. "My dear boy, when one sees a charming girl like that, it makes bachelor life seem twice."

They say—I've often thought that myself," said Harry.

They say—Dear, dear, I supposed you'd consider it a foolish fancy," said David.

They say—Not at all," said Harry, who, having some weeks before managed an introduction to the seraph of the opposite window, had been wondering what his uncle would say if he should marry, and whether a wife would lose him a fortune.

They say—One morning at breakfast, David, casting a glance towards the window, remarked:

They say—You're noticed her expression as she glances at these windows?"

They say—Well, my boy, I'm not blind, you know?" said David, modestly.

They say—Then I'll tell you a secret, uncle," said the nephew, overjoyed by his relative's compunction. "I was introduced to that girl the other day. She's Tim's cousin, and do you know the first question she asked me was: Who is that very fine-looking gentleman you reside with?"

They say—Ahem! hem! did she?" asked David, glancing at the mirror.

They say—And she said she'd like to know you, said Harry. "So I'll introduce you if you like."

They say—Thank you, my boy," said the old gentleman. "Of course, I like it. Young ladies certainly are not as shy as they used to be; but times change."

They say—And Harry said:

They say—Affectionate old fellow! we must make much of him."

They say—Now, the two relations met in the spick-and-span parlor, each attired in the conventional bridal uniform, both very red and sheepish.

They say—And David poked Harry in the side. And Harry said:

They say—I declare you look like a bridegroom, sir."

And David had answered:

They say—Ah, well, joke away, it will be your turn soon."

And then, after a pause, the old man had remarked:

They say—I suppose you have told the clergyman whom he is to marry, and all that?"

And Harry had replied:

They say—Oh, of course. And also you must offer your arm to Miss Tiffins, the bridesmaid, up the aisle!"

They say—I'm to take Lavinia in, ain't I?" asked David.

They say—Oh, dear no," said Harry.

They say—Well, fashion's after," said the old man. "This is a nervous work, Harry."

They say—Yes, I feel a little upset," said Harry, "but it will be very quiet, you know."

They say—And then the two went together to get in the carriage.

They say—Lavinia was an orphan. And there were no parents or sisters to weep over the bride. But a number of new bonnets were to be seen in the church, and it was plain that her friends had turned out in full strength to witness the ceremony.

They say—They stood before the clergyman, Lavinia nearest him, Miss Tiffins a little behind.

They say—On the other side there was a dodging.

They say—Behind me, my boy," whispered David.

They say—No, uncle; you behind me," whispered Harry.

They say—Absurd," said David to himself.

They say—How customs change!"

They say—For the clergyman had motioned him on one side, and a lady uttered audibly.

They say—Then it dawned upon him that there was something wrong, for the clergyman was saying—

They say—Do you, Henry, take Lavinia to be your wedded wife?"

They say—And Henry had answered: "I do."

They say—In the usual whisper.

They say—I say, sir," gasped David, under his breath. "My name isn't Henry."

They say—Hush, Mr. Dobkins," whispered Miss Tiffins, the bridesmaid.

They say—"But I say," said Mr. Dobkins, a little louder, "look here, sir, you made mistake, David." If you please."

They say—"Is your name David, sir?" whispered the clergyman.

They say—"No, sir, Henry," breathed the bridegroom.

They say—"But your name don't matter. I'm

ing Lavinia would preside at our little table and how she would enliven the old place," David had suddenly grasped his hand, and cried in a burst of rage:

They say—"My boy, you are right. I'll go over and arrange this affair at once. It's only a word or two, and it's all over. Time flies. We shall all be getting old before long. I think I'll ask her to set the day and be done with it."

They say—"Delightful!" said Harry. "But, uncle, had I not better undertake the task?"

They say—"No, no, no!" said David; "very kind of you, but let me do it myself. I know she thinks well of me, and—"

They say—"She admires you excessively; she told me so yesterday," said the nephew.

They say—"My dear fellow," cried David, shaking hands with him again, "you mustn't be afraid of being a loser by this amibility—no, indeed. Well, I'll go, and tell you the result."

They say—And away went David. Lavinia was at home.

They say—She was disengaged, and said, "Yes, she would be delighted to hear anything dear Mr. Dobkins had to say to her."

They say—"Dear Mr. Dobkins," repeated David to himself; "that sounds well for me."

They say—But, nevertheless, he was nervous.

They say—He walked to the window, fidgeted, wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, and finally sat down on the sofa beside Lavinia, and remarked:

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Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fiction Editor," SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In our last we gave some practical suggestions as to the making up of school outfits for young girls of twelve or fourteen. This week we add the description of a dressing-gown, or wrapper, to complete the wardrobe of the fair student.

It is of steel-colored cashmere or dalmatine, cut Gabrielle shape. The front has no dart, but is shaped by one long seam from the armhole to the foot. The back has side-holes, sloping in at the waist, so as to form an easy fit, but gradually widening out to ample fullness in the skirt. The front is trimmed with ruffles of a shade lighter than the cashmere, and extending from the neck to the feet. These ruffles are bound with dark blue velvet, cut bias; blue velvet bands and buttons trim the outer part. A three-pointed collar, bound with velvet, gives a tasteful finish to the pretty garment.

The sleeves are half loose, and lined, as far as the elbow, with blue silk; blue velvet bands and buttons trim the outer part. A three-pointed collar, bound with velvet, finishes the neck.

Apropos of the outside pockets, so often alluded to in our columns. They have almost entirely superseded the side pockets formerly so fashionable upon pelisses, Gabrieilles, etc. These latter were so apt to pull down the breadth upon which they were placed, and tear away from the garment, giving an untidy look. The advantages that the aumoniere or hanging pocket possesses over it are so patent as to command it at once to all persons of taste and sense; then, too, they admit of such variety of form and ornamentation, giving a coquettish finish to a garment.

Among the newly imported goods for the coming season are the quadrille silks.

These are plaid silks—a return to the wide plaids and blocks so popular many years ago, as a peep into "Grandmama's scrap bag" will testify. The fancy in their combination now seems to be to alternate black squares with some decided color.

The faded tints so much affected during the past few seasons merit their name, for they have faded out of public taste or fashion realm, and in their stead we have pronounced colors. Violet, garnet, magarine blue, gold, and a new shade of claret—termed over the water *les Bourdeaux*, or "wine lees"—to give a free translation—are very popular, combined with the black block or square.

The quadrille silks are very glossy, and of a good quality; not too expensive for moderate pocketts either.

We have just seen a very stylish costume made of one of these new silks. It was black and claret, of the new shade, in squares of one-half inch in size, and crossed, at intervals of two inches apart, by narrow parallel lines of gold color. It was intended for house or carriage wear, and was made *en forme*, and very becoming behind. The skirt was trimmed simply with one deep flounce, graduated so as to bring the deepest part in front. It was laid on in wide box pleats, held in place by a fold of claret-colored velvet cut bias and matching the shade in the silk; double butterfly bows of claret velvet were placed between each box pleat. These bows were continued up the side widths. The apron overskirt was very long in front, and sloped sharply up at the sides. It was edged simply with two folds of the velvet. The sleeves were full, and divided into three puffs by bands and bows of the velvet. The basque was of the simplest cutaway shape, edged with velvet folds, and closed down the front with velvet bows. The neck was finished with a jaunty, round, standing collar of velvet, a gracefully looped seal of velvet, edged with heavy silk fringe, was placed at the left side.

All wool goods of cashmere, dalmatine, etc., are shown this season in twills and diagonals, rather than the straight, striped cord of the empress cloth, or repa and poplin. There are many novelties in the new designs in such goods. For instance, heavy diagonal twills are dotted with small figures, diamond, square and round shaped, or a tiny vine pattern. Also, one sees wide stripes of cashmere twill, alternating with narrow ones of a basket pattern.

Black cashmere retains its deserved popularity as a standard fabric for pelisses, etc., and is being brought on in many different qualities.

The canary hair material for walking dresses, pardessus, etc., preferred this season will be that imported from Russia. It is all wool, light and serviceable, but, alas! not likely to become an article of dress found in many wardrobes in this panic stricken age, since the retail price is only \$10 per yard!

Sleevess jackets are so very popular abroad that a new fabric has been manufactured expressly for them. It is silk, woven so as to represent a quilting pattern, and comes in all shades.

The news comes over the water that walking suits must be made short, even revealing a portion of the ankle. We shall the news with pleasure, when we think of the sloppy winter and autumn pavements, and the muddy crossings that do such terrible damage to flowing skirts.

Black velvet bracelets, with clasps of gold, pearl or jet, are fashionable, and very pretty upon a round, white arm.

NINON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AGNESE D.—The new style of châtelaine braid is called the "Adagian."

LUCILLE.—Make your black silk white long train, and upon overskirt, trim with folds, knife edge pleatings and jet. Will send pattern, if you desire, C. O. D.

J. E. Z.—Yes, we can have the bracelets made by the pattern you send, and forward them to you by express. No, we do not give the names of any firms of dry goods or other business. We shop for you, though, with pleasure.

AMELIA R.—Certainly we are glad to advise on any subjects that we can do so with propriety. Your suggestions are excellent concerning the furnishing of your "best chamber"; only, we think, a pearl gray carpet of three-ply or Brussels, if you are willing to incur the additional expense, with a deep blue border, would be preferable to the one you spoke of. Get white muslin curtains and have lambrequins of blue rep.

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HOMME FEELINGS.

BY SIR BISHOP CHADWICK.

Whatever our fate, wherever we home,
Our years are for the living hearts of home.
Oh, blest are those who have their home!
Establish'd a world apart from home and strife.

By the way never,
With a friend or a book;
With the old roof tree. How sweet her dear!
As village bells to the wanderer's ear.

By the heart of home, recruiting rest;
To those that our failing strength we gird
To make us strong, and a hero's sword.
A star of love above,

Bathed in reverence, praise, and prayer,
With parents, and brothers, and sisters there.

On the heated field, the soldier's heart;
At the cherished name of home will start;
And the bright sun of the heart for the beams of light
That shines from his native hills at night.

With a joy as great
Whether son or late,
When the nobled work of life is done,
May our heavenly home above be won.

TIME WORKS WONDERS.

BY JOHN LAWRE.

Timothy Drake, having won his wild oats during several successive seasons, had reaped a plentiful supply of tares—a long career of dissipation brought him many weary weeks of wretchedness and misery.

Timothy Drake is a state of wretchedness and anxiety was a wonderment indeed! Proverbially a "lucky dog," thoughtless and debonaire, he had a reputation amongst the gay sparks who were his companions, as "a man of infinite jest"—one of those lucky mortals to whom necessity was not only the mother of invention, but the caterer to her own needs. In a few words, he "lived upon his wits," and, considering all things, he had a pretty lively time of it.

He was studying for the law. For a long period a generous uncle found the wherewithal to enable him, ostensibly, to live like a gentleman. But the supplies stopped suddenly, and after a few months of shiftlessness and contriving, Timothy began seriously to wonder what was to be done?

He had borrowed of this person and that. He had patronized all the storekeepers who would give him credit. His board bill was more than he could pay. His gay friends began to think that his company might be dispensed with, and As began to think that, somehow, he had managed matters badly.

"I'll reform," said Timothy.

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lion's, full of gratitude and trustfulness.

"And then, do you know, Agnes, I come to wonder how it would be if we were to mutually agree that we wouldn't sell the old home after all."

"Oh, Timothy!" said Agnes, wistfully. "But then again, you couldn't live there all alone; and I suppose," he added, anxiously, "my little lamb hasn't thought about such a monstrous thing as taking a husband yet?"

Agnes blushed.

"And then, my thoughts grow still more troublesome; and I often wonder, if, at the year's end, the lamb would take the wicked lion for a husband—if her name to him is 'early day for the gratification of his highest aspirations,' she whispered, bashfully, "next Saturday."

The twenty-five dollars was never mentioned after that, and in due course there was a wedding—and Mrs. Thornbush became Mrs. Jasper. The boarding house was sub-let to the pale young gentleman, upstairs, who married Mrs. Jasper's niece; and at the present writing the happy pair, whose courtship we have here narrated, are in negotiation for the purchase of the good-will, stock and fixtures of Mrs. Quietline's quiet grocery.

TRUE TIME WORKS CHANGES IN US ALL.

BY F. S. M.

"Mr. Jasper, when am I to expect that money?"

Mr. Jasper started. The question was not quite unexpected, but it was suddenly put. The landlady was in the habit of exploding now and then. Lodgers and boarders were her natural enemies, and as Jasper frequently remarked, "She burst like a bombshell—none knew just where—if they didn't pay their rent."

Mr. Jasper twiddled his thumbs, and looked at the ceiling abstractedly, as if engaged in some intricate mental calculation. Then he commenced:

"Mrs. Thornbush!"

Mrs. Thornbush placed her arms akimbo, and looked him full in the face, while a "no-nonsense-about-me-you-know" kind of sarcastic smile played in the corners of her long-ago widowed lips.

"Mrs. Thornbush," said Jasper, boldly, "it's twenty-five dollars, isn't it?"

"Five-and-twenty dollars in arrears this blessed morning, and my terms are invariably in advance." The grocer had already stopped supplies, and the butcher has placed a veto on the meat, solely on account of you, Mr. Jasper, and that pale-faced young gentleman on the third floor, back—and me, a poor lone widow who."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry!"

"No doubt, no doubt; but all the sorrow in the world won't pay the butcher's bills, to say nothing of the rent, and the gas, and the coal, and the washing, and Mrs. Quietline, who keeps the grocery, and this a lone widow, and returning home in decidedly better spirits."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry!"

"It's the panic, Mrs. Thornbush, I assure you, it's the panic," began Jasper, hurriedly, determined, if possible, to exorcise the demon of discontent that so evidently possessed her, for Mr. Jasper knew of a snug little bank account which Mrs. Thornbush had displayed to his envious vision, in calmer, perhaps less creditable moments.

"A pretty excuse, that now isn't it?" queried the exasperated matron, "as if the panic had anything at all to do with a trifling matter of eight dollars a week, and washing extra."

"Yet I assure you!"

"But I won't be assured!" Now the panic doth think here she tried to coax him with an insidious smile. If I believed all my lodgers told me (men are such creatures they'd tell a lone widow anything)—if I believed all and said nothing—why I'd have the sheriff in here to take my home in less than time."

"It's the panic, Mrs. Thornbush, I assure you, it's the panic," began Jasper, hurriedly. "Drawing nearer the light to read "just a page more," or take "just a few more stitches," has proved of the greatest injury to thousands of our boys and girls.

When the eyes are washed, as they should be, in warm water every night and morning, rub them with a soft towel, gently rubbing them towards the nose. Do not wipe them towards the temples, as it injures their delicate construction. The mechanism of the eye is of the most complicated and wonderful construction, and it is well for every person to fully comprehend it, and then they will be able to take care of it.

Young people are not always aware of the fact. Yet it is discernible not only to the light of day but to the eye of the physician.

Another thing needful is, never read when twilight approaches—as soon as the light fades, put away all work. This is all-important. Drawing nearer the light to read "just a page more," or take "just a few more stitches," has proved of the greatest injury to thousands of our boys and girls.

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